VERSES
ON THE DEATH OF
the Right Valiant
Sr BEVILL GRENVILL,
KNIGHT.

Who was ſlaine by the Rebels, on LANDSDOWN-hill neare *Bath*, *Iuly*. 5. 1643.

Aut Spoliis ego jam raptis laudabor opimis,
Aut Letho inſigni. *Virg. Æneid.*

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No 2732

TO THE MEMORY

of Sir BEVILL GRENVILL.

IT is not He. I'le not beleeve mine Eye,
He that could never Feare, can never Dye.
Duſt, Sweat, and Bloud, mixt in that Face, conſpire
To ſay 'tis GRENVILL. Truſt 'em not. The Fire,
That warm'd his Breſt, was Veſtall, Star-born Light,
Flame, that no Ocean, Day that fear'd no Night.
It is not He. But weeping Truth ſay's, 'tis:
That Corps of Glory can be none's but his.
So hovers Valour o're that Brow; ſo yet
(As, after Tempeſts, empty'd Clouds ſtill Threat)
Terrour leaps from thoſe Eyes, and Rebells run.
The Souldier lives ſtill, though the Man be gone.
The Man! Courage ſaid, more. But Honour, ſitting
With Fame in Counſell, found it farre more fitting
The World ſhould know him Mortall; that he fought
On equall termes; that to the Field He brought
Nothing impenetrable, but his mind;
Knew danger and deſpis'd it: Since we find,
Cowards, ſecur'd, Act Valour. All elſe than
Speaking him more, Death was to prove him Man.
Then; when, as a deſtroying Angell, ſet
To mow a guilty Nation downe, he lent (ſtand
Blow's like to Whirle-winds. LANDS-DOWN ſaw him
Not with a Pike, but Thunder-bolt in's hand.
GRENVILL againſt an Army. He being one.
Cannon, Horſe, Foot himſelfe. So Fixt, and grown

Vnto the Hill h' had gain'd, and now made good,
That like another Hill, or Rock He ſtood;
Fort to himſelfe and us; ſtronger then all
Cow'rds Love and Loſe, Steep Mountaine, Wood, and Wall.
Whence His Sword chas'd them once; His bloud do's ſtill.
Sprinkling the ground, and hallowing the Hill;
Where, ſince Drops ſhed from ſuch a Loyall Vein,
Rebellion ne're ſhall dare ſet Foot again.

T. M.

IS GRENVILL dead, or Valour? is it He
Hath left this World, or is it Loyalty?
Alas! both Dye with Him, both leave us; how?
Shall none ſurvive but Traiterous Cowards now?
Good Heav'ns forbid, by them the knot's unty'd:
Both by his Patterne Live, both in his Perſon Dy'd.

R. G.

COuld I report, great GRENVILL, or repeat
Thy famous Actions in thine owne ſtout heat,
Could I write as thou fought'ſt, the World might ſee
Perhaps ſome Picture of thy Deeds, and Thee.
And, thus inſpir'd from thy bold flame, my Verſe
At once would come forth rapture, and reherſe.
But as thoſe raviſh't Prophets, who of old
Sick of their God, and much too fraile to hold
Their ſtrong Inſpirer, firſt felt trance, then ſpoke,
And utterd Anſwers, which from Labours broke;
So meeting things too high to be expreſt,
I find my ſelfe, whileſt I deſcribe, oppreſt.
Thou doſt at once poſſeſſe, and hinder; ſtill
Riſeſt, and multiplieſt betweene my Quill.
Still bring'ſt new, various, Matter to my dreſſe,
Which ſtill begins, and ſtill ſhewes endleſneſſe.

So

So *Homer* ſtrove with his *Achilles*, who
Should bravelier write, or who ſhould bravelier doe.
So what at firſt he meant an Ode, and Song,
Swell'd to a Worke, and Story ten yeares long.
And what at firſt was deſtin'd to one ſhade,
Spred in the Writing, and prov'd *Iliade*.
Had'ſt Thou, like others, fought by Rule, and Line,
Who call it valour Wiſely to decline
Aſſaults, and Dangers, and maintaine that there
Can be no Fortitude, where is no Feare;
Hadſt thou beleeved that they, who doe ingage
Themſelves beyond reliefe, fight not, but rage;
Or that, when men beyond a meane doe ſtray,
Their Furye's onely valiant, not They;
We on thy Temples now had planted Bayes,
And thou had'ſt liv'd to heare and feele thy Praiſe.
But thou did'ſt ſcorne ſuch Rules, and call'dſt ſuch Lawes,
Arts how to blemiſh, and deſert a Cauſe.
Countedſt thoſe falſe, whom others doe count wiſe,
And their diſcreet Feare, order'd Cowardice.
Farre above all cold precepts, which doe preach
Eſcapes, retreates, and fallings-back, and teach
Advantages of Time, and place, and thus
Learnedly make Men Puſillanimous,
Or at moſt valiant to a poynt, and all
Their Courage meerly Philoſophicall,
Thou though'ſt it ſtill Ignobler to retire
With flegme, and coldneſſe, then to fall with fire.
Still call'dſt retreating, looſing of the Day,
Still thought'ſt that to be ſafe was to betray.
And where the Cauſe requir'd it, not to dye,
That 'twas as great a baſeneſſe, as to flye.
Thus meeting Dangers in their ſterneſt ſhape,
Thy Arts were ſtill t' encounter, not to ſcape.
Still reckoned'ſt it a Souldiers ſtaine, and blot,
To be ſecure, not by his ſword, but Plot.
Me thinkes I ſee thee ſhaking thy bold ſpeare
Againſt a numerous Hoſt, without their feare

Who did beſet Thee, and the ſpatious plaine
Before Thee ſtrow'd with ſlaine ſalne on thy ſlaine.
Whil'ſt all our other Troopes, diſcharg'd from fight,
Wonder'd to ſee the Warre turn'd to a fight,
Where one incounter'd many, and deſcried
A Siege on theirs, a Duell on our ſide.
Great Soule! who didſt contract the Battle to
Thy Solitary ſelfe; and there did'ſt doe
Things, which made all our other Forces be
Idle ſpectators of their Victory;
While'ſt ſafer by thy ſide, then at their home,
Their buſineſſe was to ſee, and overcome.
O what a Terrour iſſued from thy Look,
Which fought as well as thou, and Priſoners took
By th' eye, as by the Hand; which but beheld
Made the firſt Skirmiſh, and at diſtance quell'd;
Thy unarm'd face ſhew'd dreadfull as our Lances,
The Foe felt new Artilleries from thy glances;
Which ſtill, like Native Engines, from thee flew,
And at once routed, chas'd, and overthrew.
Thus, then, ſecur'd by thy great ſelfe, at once
To us a Bulwarke, to thy ſelfe a Sconce,
As in a Circle 'bout thee drawne byth' charmes
Of thine owne Courage, which did arme thy Armes,
How didſt thou dare the numerous Foe? ſtill mock
Their furious Onſets with a ſhock for ſhock?
Still 'gainſt their Iron men, and men of ſteele,
Like one inchanted all parts but the heele,
(If we may credit what ſome doe report)
Did'ſt hold fight from thy ſelfe, as from a Fort;
Impregnable, untoucht? ſtill did'ſt repaire
The faintings of thoſe who about thee were?
Still did'ſt recruit our Loſſes? We did ſee
New Squadrons, as ſome fell, ſtill raiſed from thee;
Whoſe Valour ran ſupplyes; and We from thence
Saw thee new Troopes, new Regiments diſpence,
Still unexhauſted. We can now unfold
Th' ambiguous rumour, and report, which told,

And ſpoke of our Increaſe it'h Weſt, that there,
Two Campes, two Armies for us did appeare,
The *Corniſhmen* made one, the other Fame,
Which reckon'd Thee Stout *Grenvill*, and thy Name,
Still as our other Campe; from whence we drew;
Freſh Legions ſtill, and thus from handfulls grew.
Here, ſome would chide thy Valour, whoſe bold Heat
Ioyn'd thine owne to the Enemies defeat;
And ſay 'twas raſhneſſe in thee to expoſe
Thy ſelfe a Pikeman againſt Horſemen Foes;
As if to fall had been thy plot, and ayme,
And thou had'ſt ſome Ambition to be ſlaine.
'Tis true, indeed, our Conqueſt had been more,
Had'ſt Thou liv'd to behold it with the ſtore
Of Worthies who eſcap'd; Since looſing Thee,
We did not winne, but change a Victory.
Yet if to dye with Honour be a Grace;
If to fall, and to conſecrate the place
On which thou felleſt and make it Sacred Ground
To all thoſe who ſurriv'd Thee, and ſtood round,
Be Nobler then to live; Thoſe Bookes which tell
Of ancient *Hero's*, who devoted fell,
And yeelding up their ſtout, and Warlike Ghoſts,
With their brave ruine did preſerve their Hoſts,
Will alwaies be thy Chronicle; whom death
Snateht like a *Decius* hence; whoſe hallowed breath
Flew from thee like an Offering; who dyed'ſt twice,
Our Souldier once, and once our Sacrifice.

J. M.

NOt to be wrought by Malice, Gaine, or Pride,
To a Compliance with the thriving ſide;
Not to take Armes for love of change, or Spight,
But only to maintaine afflicted Right;
Not to dye vainly in purſuit of Fame,
Perverſely ſeeking after Voyce and Name;

Is to Reſolve, Fight, Dye, as Martyrs doe:
And thus did He, Souldier, and Martyr too.
He might (like ſome Reſerved Men of State,
Who look not to the Cauſe, but to its Fate)
Have ſtood aloof, engag'd on Neither Side,
Prepar'd at laſt to ſtrike in with the Tyde.
But well-weigh'd Reaſon told him, that when Law
Either is Renounc'd, or Miſapply'd by th'awe
Of falſe-nam'd Common-wealths men; when the Right
Of King, and Subject, is ſuppreſs'd by Might;
When all Religion either is Refus'd
As meer Pretence, or meerly, as That, us'd;
When thus the Fury of Ambition ſwells,
Who is not Active, Modeſtly Rebells.
Whence, in a juſt eſteem, to Church and Crowne
He offred All, and nothing thought His owne.
This thruſt Him into Action, Whole, and Free;
Knowing no Intereſt, but Loyalty;
Not loving Arms as Arms, or Strife for Strife;
Nor Waſtfull, nor yet Sparing of his Life;
A great Exactor of Himſelfe, and then
By faire Commands no leſſe of Other men;
Courage, and Judgement had their equall part,
Counſell was added to a Generous Heart;
Affaires were juſtly tim'd; nor did He catch
At an Affected Fame of Quick Diſpatch;
Things were Prepar'd, Debated, and then Done,
Nor raſhly Brooke, nor vainly Over-ſpunne;
Falſe Periods no where by Deſigne were made,
As are by thoſe, who make the Warre their Trade;
The Building ſtill was ſuited to the Ground,
Whence every Action iſſu'd Full and Round.
We know who blind their Men with ſpecious Lyes,
With Revelations, and with Prophecyes,
Who promiſe Two things to obtain a Third,
And are themſelves by the like Motives ſtirr'd:
By no ſuch Engines He His Souldiers drawes;
He knew no Arts, but Courage and the Cauſe;

With theſe he brought them on, as well train'd men,
And with theſe too he brought them off agen.
I ſhould, I know, track Him through all the Courſe
Of his great Actions, ſhew their Worth and Force:
But, although all are Handſome, yet we caſt
A more intentive Eye ſtill on the laſt.
When now th'ineenſed Rebell proudly came
Downe, like a Torrent without Bank, or Damme;
When Vndeſerv'd ſucceſſe urg'd on their force,
That Thunder muſt come down to ſtop their Courſe,
Or *Grenville* muſt ſtep in; Then *Grenville* ſtood,
And with Himſelfe oppos'd, and checkt the Flood.
Conqueſt, or Death, was all His Thought. So fire
Either Orecomes, or doth it ſelfe expire.
His Courage work't like Flames, caſt heate about,
Here, there, on this, on that ſide; None gave out;
Not any Pike in that Renowned Stand
But took new force from His Inſpired Hand;
Souldier encourag'd Souldier, Man urg'd Man,
And He urg'd All: ſo much Example can.
Hurt upon Hurt, Wound upon Wound did call,
He was the But, the Mark, the Ayme of All:
His Soule this while retir'd from Cell to Cell,
At laſt flew up from all, and then He fell.
But the Devoted Stand, enraged more
From that his Fate, ply'd hotter then before,
And Proud to fall with Him, ſworne not to yield,
Each ſought an Honour'd Grave, and gain'd the Field.
Thus, He being fall'n, His Action fought anew;
And the Dead conquer'd, whiles the Living flew.
This was not Natures Courage; nor that thing
We Valour call, which Time and Reaſon bring;
But a Diviner Fury, Fierce, and High,
Valour tranſported into Ecſtaſie,
Which Angels, looking on Vs from above,
Vſe to conveigh into the Soules they love.
You now that boaſt the Spirit, and its ſway,
Shew Vs his Second, and wee'll give the Day.

We know your Politique Axiom --- Lurk, or Fly:
Yet cannot Conquer, cauſe ye dare not Dye.
And though you thank God, that you loſt none there,
Becauſe Th'were ſuch, who Liv'd not when they were;
Yet your great Generall (who doth Riſe and Fall,
As his Succeſſes doe; whom you dare call,
As fame unto you doth Reports diſpenſe,
Either a Traitor, or His Excellence)
How e'r he raignes now by unheard of Lawes,
Could wiſh His Fate together with His Cauſe.
And Thou (Bleſt Soule) whoſe cleare compacted Fame,
As Amber Bodies Keeps, preſerves thy Name,
Whoſe Life affords what doth content both eyes,
Glory for People, Subſtance for the Wiſe;
Goe laden up with ſpoyles, poſſeſſe That Seate
To which the Valiant, when th'have done, retreat:
And when Thou ſeeſt an happy Period ſent
To theſe Diſtractions, and the Storme quite ſpent;
Look downe, and ſay: I have my ſhare in All,
Much Good grew from my Life, Much from my Fall.

W. C.

WHat We have loſt in Thee, We need not write,
Thine Enemies will doo't; and in meere Spite
Commend Thy Valour, that the World may know,
In *Grenvill's* Fall, the Greatneſſe of Our Blow:
Let them alone to give Thee thy whole Due;
We only need Beleeve they can ſpeake true.
Nor is it fit we ſhould with teares lament
That Blood thy ſelfe thought'ſt honourably ſpent,
And ſcorned'ſt at their Almes to draw a Breath,
From whoſe Guift nothing's Noble but a Death;
Lets rather Weep for them, by whom 'twas ſpilt,
Whoſe Beſt of Courage was but worſt of Guilt;
Who had been Cowards had they Got the Day,
And ſhew'd Beſt ſpirits when they Ran away:

Thoſe

Thoſe pittyed things yeeld matter for a Teare:
But thy great Worth moves in a higher Spheare.
He only Mournes That right, that Fights like Thee,
And a fierce Charge is a good Elegie.
Brave ſoule! me thinks I ſee how thou did'ſt ſtand
Directing Victory to the Right Hand,
How Thou did'ſt ſet her in againe, that Day,
Who, but for Thee, had almoſt loſt her Way.
That little ſpark (dropt from Eternity)
Dilated by its ſelfe and Loyalty,
How it Forgat its Bounds, the narrow Span
Of Fleſh and Blood that meaſures out a man;
And ſtoutly durſt adventure to oppoſe
Thy Equall Selfe againſt whole Troops of Foes!
May Honour Dwell upon thy Tomb, and keep:
Thy Glories waking, while thy duſt doth ſleep:
And may that fatt'ned Turfe, whence Pregnant Fame
Yet brooding Hovers to keep warme the ſame,
Grow fruitfull from thy Blood, untill it bring
A Flower from whence a ſecond *Mars* may Spring.

W. B.

THou Name of Valour! Heire of all that Worth,
Which Fates with conſtant Bounty have powr'd forth
On *Grenvills* honour'd Race! In whom did dye
More then their Army, more then Victory
Could recompence, which to that gallant Stand
We owe, from ruine ſnatcht by thy brave Hand.
O I could curſe the villaines odds! For when
We hazard, Gold, They, but the droſſe of men.
Bate me the price of ſinne, the Citty-pay,
And what they ſteale, in order to obey
The Houſes Vote, more then one Regiment
I'le name, wherein not ten are worth what's ſpent
Barely in feeding Muskets; wee'ue oft loſt
Powder to kill ſuch Rogues doth not quit coſt.

And yet 'tis nobly fought, since conſcience
Alone begets thoſe Flames, not any ſenſe
Of Triumph; for what honour i'ſt to tell
That here a Seargeant-Major-Cobler fell,
There a Mechanick-Colonell dropt downe,
Not fit to ſerve in any honeſt Towne.
Our Conqueſt is unpleaſant; we muſt grieve;
And wiſh the puniſht Rebells did ſtill live,
Reſerv'd for more ignoble fall; Since here
Juſtice (though ſacred name) was bought too deare.
Sad Victory! the Frontleſſe Faction now
Thanke, yet not mock God for their overthrow.
Since gladly they would ſacrifice a floud
Out of the Commons veines, for this one bloud.
A thouſand lives, and thouſand Soules to boot
They'l give; it coſts them nought, let th' fooles look too't.
Guilty and wretched Commons! tell me, why
Onely in order to your miſery
You will be perjur'd Rebels? whence doth flow
This frantick pleaſure, from your ſinne, or woe?
Did you improve your ſafety, did your ground,
Like your deceivers malice, being drown'd
In bloud, more fruitfull grow, you then did ſell
Your Soules for ſomething; but to purchaſe Hell
With Poverty, and dangers, that you may
Be ſooner dead, yet whil'ſt you live, a prey,
Is ſo rare Phrenſie, that you onely can
Be thought to differ in the ſhape of man
From wildeſt beaſts. But you are forc't to fight,
You love your King, and wiſh He had His Right;
Yet aw'd take Armes againſt him, Money ſtill
Contribute, Traitors are againſt your will.
Vnworthy, vaine excuſe! why ſhould you feare
Thoſe few ſeducers? Terrible they were
By your abuſed Strength; if you withdraw
Your Aydes, they fall, to the long injur'd Law
Juſt Sacrifices; ſhould they carry hence
Your wealth, they'd leave behind your innocence;

Leave you, return'd to Duty, and to Peace;
Hating theſe certaine pledges of increaſe.

D. D.

THe Villaines now are ripe, let's pay our Vow,
See GRENVILL's bloud ſtands texted on their brow!
If their courſe Veynes an Ocean ſhould disburſe
'Twould not appeaſe, becauſe the More the Worſe;
Behold great *Bertye*, *Stuart*, *Compton* now,
Sage *Pierpont*, and freſh-bleeding *Ca'ndiſh* too!
Names that e're long ſhall ſtrike this perjur'd Crowd,
And ſhoot downe Vengeance from that Bow ith'Clowd,
Which ſhall conſume theſe weeds that Truth may grow,
GRENVILL hath pawnd his bloud it ſhall be ſo.
Great Valiant Saint! Loving and lov'd agen,
(For he that conquers Feare ſhall conquer Men)
Thy choyce was Iuſt and Early, not adjourn'd
'Till the great ſcale at *Keinton* field was turn'd:
See, GRENVILL's *up* (the Royall *Corniſh* cry's)
This (like a Beacon fir'd) made them All riſe,
Thus rouz'd, thou arm'd their inſide day by day,
Dealt Flame and ſpirit to them as their Pay,
Clear'd and advanc'd their bloud, caſt them a new,
'Till in an inſtant they bold Giants grew:
Then, led by thee, they made vaſt *Devon* ſhake,
So as looſe *Stamford* frighted left the ſtake,
Whoſe Fort, Ditch, Bulwarke, did but raiſe thy heart;
Valour no more is broke then made by Art;
Nay when thy ſpeechleſſe Canon bad Thee ceaſe
(That thou muſt bleed, or yeeld to what ſhould pleaſe
The Two new Families of *Parliament*)
Though Ammunition, Courage was not ſpent,
Then, then, thy Steel made them out-run their wheeles,
Leave All, and take nought with them but their heeles;
Thus *Bodmin*, *Stratton* felt thy influence,
Great BEVILL's *Sword return'd not empty* thence.

But when the Rowt (like th' Hill it ſelfe) came downe
HEE graſp'd a Speare, and underpropt the Crowne,
Plac'd like the flaming *Cher'ubim*, laid about,
Stood Guardian there to keep th' Apoſtates out,
Rear'd up like *Sampſon*, took firme hold o'th'Beam,
Then pull'd all downe, His Mighty ſelfe and Them,
His bleeding Corps then on the Mount he hurl'd,
And fought it out with them in th' other World,
Till they ran off, letting their Matches burne
To light his Conquering Aſhes to his Vrne.

Cornewall that glorious Dukedome, Righteous, Free,
Henceforth Eternall by Prince CHARLES and Thee;
Had thy *Godolphin* ſtaid to help us here,
His Pen had now took meaſure of thy ſpeare,
'T had made thee Emp'rour of the *Weſt* and All,
We (blind with teares) ſee nothing but thy Fall,
Which now doth bleed again, and doubly pierce,
To looſe both *Grenvill's* Sword, and *Sydney's* verſe.

Let their cheap Legions live (unfit to dye)
Who like their weapons ſtrike they know not why,
Give our juſt Swords more ſatisfying duſt,
Thread all the bold Committee at one thruſt,
Scatter the Plot, till all the ill-built Frame
Fall downe as tribute to Great BEVILL's Name,
That Name (which ſhames their malice and our Wit)
Shall laſt as long as they conſpir'd to *ſit*.

J. B.

THey, that give Thanks for Overthrowes, had ne're
Fairer Pretence to God, then they had here.
Mark't you not 'midſt our latter Triumphs one
Intruding Sigh? Heard you not one ſad Groane?
'Twas for the Valiant *Grenvill*: which one Croſſe
Allayd our Victory, and made it Loſſe.
Grenvill, whoſe very Name the Rebels found
Dealing Revenge, and Death in every wound.

While

While in the fierce Aſſault, they did not know,
Whether they ſhould wiſh thee alive, or no,
How many trembling Ghoſts did we enlarge
To cry thee mercy in the ſecond Charge?
When the inraged *Corniſh*, fierce upon
Revenge of thee, cry'd *Grenvill*, and kill'd on.
Treaſure of Valour! in thy bold Deſignes
That Country glories more then in her Mines.
Thus fell the mighty *Sceva*, while the Foe
Trembled, and fear'd the very Overthrow.
Thus in the *North* our brave *New-Caſtle* ſtood,
With more Succeſſe, with Honour no man coul'd.
Henceforth the Pike we doubly honour'd call,
From that one Triumph Fam'd, from this one Fall.

R. M.

HAllow my temples, let my thoughts be dreſt
In ſuch attire as fits a Poet-Prieſt.
That no rude accent may profane thy Name,
But all things be as ſpotleſſe as thy Fame;
That Fame ſo great, that none but *Grenvill's* can
In the next age beleeve it of a Man.
Grenvill! the Corniſh *Pæan* it ſhall be,
And onely heard in Songs of Victory!
Th' Eternall Theame of Poets! which ſhall give
Strength to their Lines, and make their Verſes live.
Thou that in thoſe black times dard'ſt to be good,
When Treaſon was beſt Virtue, when none coo'd
Be ſafe and honeſt; that almoſt alone
Dard'ſt love the King, when a whole Nation
Was growing one great Rebell; haſt firme ſtood;
And gave the firſt great ſtop to th' growing flood;
Thou Deſtiny of our new-moulded State,
That firſt did'ſt make it's greatneſſe ſhrinke; whom Fate
Prepar'd to ſave a Kingdome; and did give
Thee Virtue great enough to make it live;

How

How will the Ghoſts of thoſe ſlaine Rebels ſhake
To ſee thy Shade? How *Brook* and *Hampden* quake
To find themſelves not ſafe, and that to dye
Ha's onely chang'd the Scene of Victory?
How will their Guilt grow double, when they ſee
Thy Shine; twice frighted by themſelves and thee?
That glorious Shine, that ſhewes the difference
Of dying truly in the KINGS Defence;
That though both fall together, and the bloud
Of Traitors and a Patriots make one floud,
They in the Shambles, He at the Altar dyes,
They fall as Beaſts, and He a Sacrifice.
Now may thoſe Rebels one Thankeſgiving make
And not Blaſpheme, nor faire Truth Scandall take.
Thy death makes honeſt all their thick-skin'd Lyes,
From which alone all their feigned Victories
Grow truths. How had We loſt in that one ſtroke
A Kingdome, had not ſuch brave Vertue broke
From thy Example, as did ſtrike a Flame
Into thy Followers, great as was thy Name.
Yet, let them boaſt their Conqueſt if they can,
Wee'have gain'd an Army, and have loſt a Man.
And let them Preach Thee ſlain, ſince from thy Death
A Thouſand almoſt-GRENVILL's gather breath.
So when the Sun's forc'd hence by Sable Night,
Myriads of Starres ſpring from his falling light.

W. C.

YEt boaſt not Senate: know He could not Dye
Vntill He had obtain'd the Victory.
Death waited for that minute, that her ſtate
Might riſe more glorious through his nobler Fate.
Me thinkes I now behold Him as He ſtood
(Vndanted Spirit!) when that ſtarely wood
Of Pikes mareh'd up: when like a Captaine Oake
He led that underwood, and took that ſtroake

Which

Which ſhould have feld the Grove: I ſee him ſtand
Diſpenſing Valour by His brave Command,
And braver Actions, the Souldiers Swords
Being whetted both by's example and his words.
Would this were reall; but our fancies move
Not guided by our knowledge, but our Love.
I could lament His death, but that I know
All accents of our griefe are farre below
His vaſter merit: rather let my Steele
Revenge his Death, and make their Conqueror feele
The anger of his Ghoſt; who ſlyly fled
From *Grenvill* but a Ghoſt, from *Grenvill* dead.
Goe weep for Cowards; he who bravely Dyes
Ought to have Muſique at His Obſequies.
You happy Soules who have the ſacred truſt
Of his dead aſhes; ſee no Coward duſt
Come neare his Vrne; 'tis fit his aſhes lye
Where there is none but Valiant Company.
Neare *Lindſey's*, *Denby's*, or *Northampton's* ſide
(Who Conquer'd dying) raiſe his *Pyramide:*
Which may reſtore him to the World agen,
A Conqueror of Time as well as Men.

P. M.

WIſdome directs, when Iuſtice dictates right,
And Courage (if provok't) then bids men fight:
Wiſdome to *Grenvill* ſaid, thy *Corniſh* friends
Are mates enough to worke thy noble ends;
'Tis fit (ſpake Iuſtice) to defend a Crowne:
Then fight (ſaid Courage) gaine thee brave renowne.
And Fame ſaid to him, if thou dye'ſt, then I
Will keep thy Everlaſting Memory;
Fate onely frown'd; *Grenvill* obeyes; Commands,
While Fate contriv'd his Death by Rebels hands;
Yet Friends, and Country doe conſerve his Name,
With Wiſdome, Iuſtice, Fortitude, and Fame.

H. L.

HEroick *Martyr*, whoſe immortall death
Inliven'd here, giving our State new breath;
(For when the Sun ſets bloody in the Weſt
The day ſtill riſes brighter in the Eaſt)
Who then ſtood'ſt Loyall, when the Generall ring
Was heard, *No Biſhops*, while they meant no KING;
And only to wrong CHARLES, was to be true,
As to rob th'Church; is to pay God his due:
When Rebel *Members* 'gainſt their Head aym'd Darts,
Counting him none, by whom they all are Parts:
And rais'd a ſtrange *Militia* for His ayd,
To make Him Great, when *Publick Faith* is payd.
How Conſtant wert Thou then, how Valiant ſtill,
Dying as freely, as thy Foes could kill.
And did'ſt in Actions *Pompey's* words retrive,
We needs muſt ſtand, we muſt not needs ſurvive.
Who like a Bullwarke, ſtopt the full Careere
Of Men more Iron, then thoſe Armes they weare;
And Bankt the Breaches of thoſe Sons of Steele,
Achilles like All-Proofe, but in the Heele:
Offring Thy ſelfe a Reſolv'd Sacrifice,
As ſure to fall, as by thy Fall to Riſe:
Seeming ſome Martiall Deity to thy Foe,
'Cauſe they had feare enough to make Thee ſo.
They that fled ſtronger then Thou took'ſt the Field,
Worſe Cowards when they Fight, then when they Yeild:
Like the *French* Hare-Knights at each ſhot they ſtart;
Or *Caſars* ominous Ramme, which had no Heart.
But this State-Champion, Triumph't in his Fall,
And when he was moſt Conquer'd, Conquer'd All:
As lofty Caſtles, when they ſinke, dilate
The Ruine round about, and ſcatter Fate.

H. B.

THE

THE CLOSE.

THus ſlaine thy Valiant Anceſtor did lye,
When His one Barke a Navy did defie;
When now encompaſs'd round, He Victor ſtood,
And bath'd His Pinnace in his Conquering Blood;
Till all His Purple Current dry'd and ſpent,
He fell, and made the Waves his Monument.
Where ſhall th'next famous *Grenvills* Aſhes ſtand?
Thy Grandfire fills the Seas, and Thou the Land.

M. LL.

FINIS.